

PHOENIX

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PHOENIX

Literary and Arts Magazine

2011

VOLUME 35

The College of New Rochelle

Phoenix is the literary and arts magazine for the College of New Rochelle. Published in the spring of each academic year, this magazine showcases the artistic talents of the College of New Rochelle community. Prose, poetry, photography, and camera-ready images of other art forms are encouraged from students and faculty from all four schools. All advertising and submissions for next year's edition can be sent to:

Correspondence may be sent electronically to: phoenix@cnr.edu

Phoenix Literary and Arts Magazine
The College of New Rochelle
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Literary and Arts Magazine

VOLUME 35

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Dear *Phoenix* reader,

We are delighted to place this magazine we have into your hands. The pages of *Phoenix* have for decades been filled with the creative and authentic perspective of the CNR student body. This year, we are proud to have faculty, staff, and alumnae among our contributors. We believe that by representing the CNR community, *Phoenix* becomes an even richer experience.

The poetry, prose, and visual art presented here moved us with its strong emotion and sophistication. The visual elements of this magazine reveal beauty in familiar and surprising places. The written word explores the universal themes of passion, transcendence, and contemplation.

We thank the contributors, Student Development staff, and Dr. Nick Smart for their ongoing support. We hope that you will be moved by the creative accomplishment enclosed.

Sincerely,

Phoenix Staff

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Today's Yesterday

Monica Tripodi

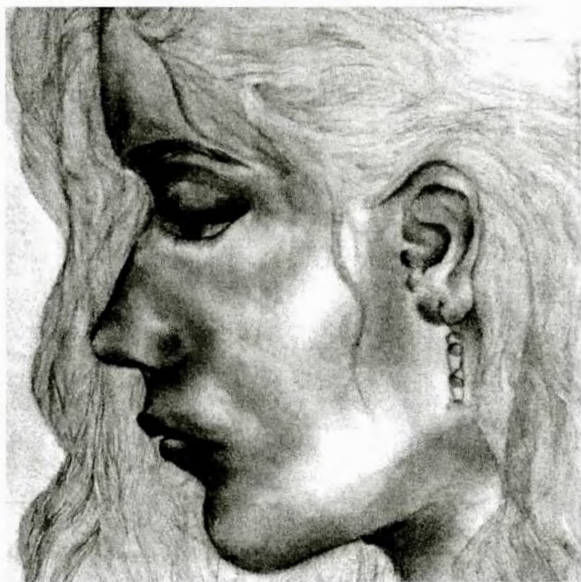
Stuck facing back at an early state of mind, as my eyes gaze on
towards the future.

Moments of the present dissipate within my grasp, and trickle to
the floor before my step.

Illusions of what once was chain me down and tug back as I
struggle to move on.

Lost cries buried within rise to the surface clawing, fighting, and
killing to get out.

Emotions erupt as today's life is pondered, but continues, looks
out, and forces a smile.



Somber Soul
Shiyon Mathew

If I had not dreamed

Gwendolyn Cahill

Sometimes in life we are faced with seemingly insurmountable odds; mountains that reach as high as Mount Haleakala and valleys that run deep. Life is not a series of straight narrow roads. Life reminds me of the windy roads in Trinidad, Jamaica and California. It has its up and downs. One missed turn can lead to an unforeseen disaster. A fallen rock, a mudslide and a wind tossed sea reminds me of the many curve balls that life has presented me.

But though the clouds seemed dark I continued to dream. My hands were tied and shackled, so I learned how to use my feet. My feet got sore so I learned how to use my ears. My ears were deaf from the sounds that clustered my mind with messages of madness. My ears became tired of listening so I learned to challenge my mind.

But if I hadn't dreamed I would have fallen into an abyss--- an abyss of hopelessness and depression. If I hadn't seen myself as being equal to the President of the United States, equal to the kid who came from poverty and rose to be the greatest female comedian of all time, equal to the Rosa Parks, Shirley Chisolm and Martin Luther King, Jr., than I would have fallen into Death Valley. If I had not dreamed I would never have seen the inner liners of the clouds burst as I climbed beyond them. If I had not seen me dancing with the stars I would have fallen deep into the sea.

When you feel like you have reached the end of your rope, hold on. Remember the famous quote "Don't let someone else define who you are." Be who you want to be. Challenge your mind and grow. Educate, recreate and don't be afraid to step into the realm of the unknown. Step out beyond the boundaries. Explore the unknown and climb back up to the top of Mt. Haleakala. There is a beautiful sunrise waiting there for you.

The Cool Breeze

Rosa Rodia

Looking out the window.
The sun reflects off the glass
Supplying me with a view of my reflection.

Leaves glisten under the suns' strong rays
While they move side to side
From the winds cool breeze.

The window is open
Fresh air of fall sneaks in
I am able to feel the cool breeze.

It relaxes my body
And calms my nerves
The day will get better.

A new day will begin
As new leaves grow on the
Bare branches of old trees.

And start their journey
Through the changing seasons
And the cool breeze



Taking Flight
TaraMarie Tocci

Winter
Jasmine Reed

It is silent.
The air is still
The wind whispers quietly
The buildings watch silently
The cold air is slightly warm
Small white flakes fall from
The sky
The ground shivers as the
Star shaped crystals grace them
I slow down to watch them fall
My head tilted up to the sky
My eyes squinted in happiness
Winter is here...



Sway
Genevieve Fleckenstein

Breaking Free
Tazmin H. Uddin

My mind bangs against the prison door

Letting me out, metal in my way

Melting until I make my escape

Not physical but intellectual

Words used in order to provoke

Thoughts leading to wise decisions.

Mind broken free of the shackles

No ignorance will hold me in

I think, I exist, I will challenge

Media authority that feeds (fuels) fear

Through sacred smiles and TV screens.

I will take actions that break stereotypes

Writing wild words wishing for peace

Ceasing, only when the injustice ends

Flashback

Siobhan Bonilla

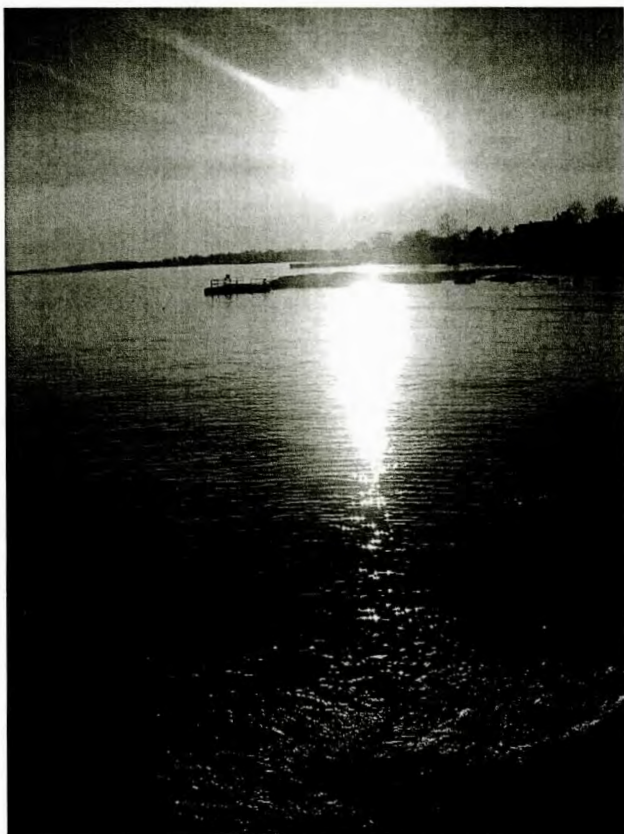
I turn the dial up. I feel the music cut deep into my soul.
Marsha sings her inevitable song Far Away.
I look into the lime light of New York City's sun setting.
The tall buildings, glistening as it whispers goodbye to the sun.
I look back and stare for what seems to be forever.
The constant memory of it all makes me dig deeper in to thought.
The felt of a flashback.

The constant serenity of how I was held, touched,
and gleamed as beautiful.
The smiling and the gratuity of laughing was just a bonus.
A bonus for me to be so blind.
The taking of innocence and warm felt up love.
Not in love, but felt as in the moment.
Then Marsha plays deep again.
"Can't get you out of my mind"
Then I sit with my feet and legs curled up to my chest
as I feel the water works.
The felt of a flashback.

That was the beginning. The end broke down.
The past crashing down and letting in the anger.
The constant thought of the words spewed.
Then the split. Then the dial tone.
Nothing. Just pure silence.

Then the future nears, and no existence.
"Got to think with my head, cause my heart is what got me here."
Her words ring within my heart, mind, and soul.
The tenderness of it all out the window.
The water works begin.
The felt of a flashback.

The sun is set. I've stopped rocking back and forth.
Memories, beyond control.
I smile while it was worth the while.
Long gone, but learned.
Then the song finishes.
I turn the dial down. Get up and walk away
Leaving the flashback with
That sunset.



Setting Sun
Genevieve Fleckenstein

Sisterhood

Shakera Bramwell

Sisterhood is a very strange word, but not as strange as the relationship that one must keep while partaking in its meaning. As a sister, a woman who is both vexingly and passionately aware of another woman, one partakes in a zealous, illogical fix condition, where insanity is a frequent question and irony the answer.

When my mother died, she left me at seven years old, my bother two and my sister six years old, fatherless, and without distinctions. On the night my mother passed away, I subconsciously affirmed the role of mother; caretaker to my sister and brother. It didn't take me long to figure out what this role entailed. Sisterhood required me to be lawyer of profound wit and charisma, a conspirator-master of craftiness, a doctor that withholds the knowledge to heal all wounds; it requested, most aggressively, that I bourgeon with the determination of a young, educated Maya Angelou.

My sister and I are always bickering. I feel I would do anything sometimes just to get her to shut up! Once, I figured I would build a very awkward, 7 by 4 inch box, paint it all sky blue and spray inside it cherry blossom perfume, place my sister inside this box, then dig a lengthy hole and bury it. I would spend hours after we had a fight concocting schemes, plans, just thinking of how much it would hurt her. I was never able to develop the perfect plan; there was just so much I knew that would hurt her. This is the paradox in our relationship, when I am mad at my sister all I do is think of her, never mind I was thinking of ways to hurt her. My plans where never complete, because I knew her too well, and could think of everything she disliked. When one really wants to do bad to another person, they would proceed with swift actions, but not sisters. Because we knew each other so well, our anger never lasted, our plans of revenge, always too detail, never acted upon. Our arguments frequently ended in laughter. We share a relationship that is like no other, only to be understood by sisters.

There is no friendship formed like one formed between two women who both have sisters. It's a mutual understanding of the complexities involved in each relationship with their sisters.

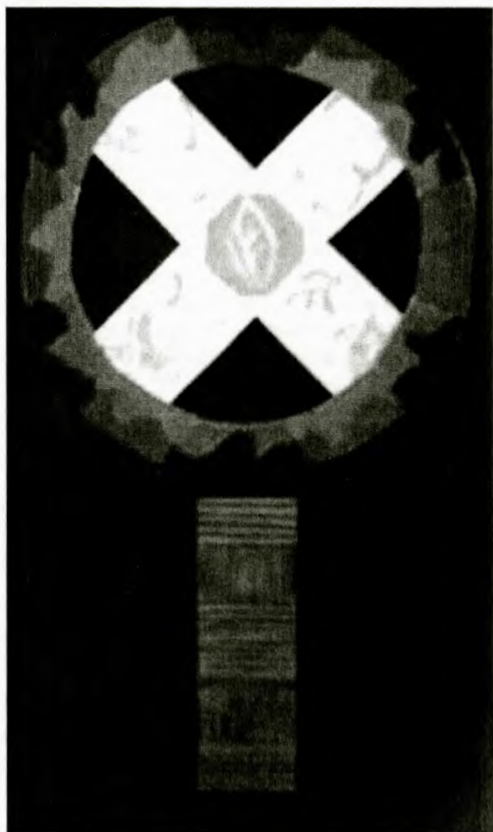
Every sister lives by the same condition and expectations. I would like my sister not to touch my things, or wear my clothes; however, because I know she's conditioned to, I hide my favorite clothes. My friend Moriah declares that she knows exactly what pieces to hide by observing how her sister reacts when her sister first sees her in them. She explains that if her sister does not like the piece, she'll compliment her on how well it looks on her or not compliment her at all. However, if the piece of garment appeals to her sister's taste, she expects a crude comment from her sister. Such as, "that looks ugly on you, I don't like it," or "it makes you look weird." It's quite understandable, especially when my sister does the same exact thing. Then she has the nerve to wear it the next day and after I throw a fit she tells me that she thought I didn't like it! What my friend failed to tell me was that she happened to do the same thing to her sister. I know this because I do the same thing to my sister. The empathy found in our relationship is quite natural. Two women who partake in a friendship will always have a sisterly bond.

My best friend and I share a sisterly bond. Our bond encompasses every aspect of sisterhood, the good and the bad. Like my sister and I, my best friend and I argue and makeup neurotically. Like sisters and friends we often find ourselves laughing at how idiotic our disagreement was and try to come to a compromise that is often never acted upon. We have passion for each other, as sisters do. We love and care for each other as sisters do. However, an onlooker would never conclude the above-mentioned facts. We argue and fight between ourselves so frequently that one would assume that we disliked each other. Our love is seldom expressed verbally. Instead, we affirm this through the constant laughter we bring each other and our common enemies who burn under our joint wrath.

Sisters are enemies made friends through shared secrets. I fear losing the bond I have with my best friend because she knows me so well. The "me" I share with no one else. It makes her my worst enemy. Sisterhood is more than two women sharing common interests. Here I stand trying to describe sisterhood, but it is indescribable. It is often void of words, like the days I go without speaking to my sister or my friend.

It is constant, like the passion and worry I still maintain for them during those silent days. It rivals all other bonds. It is more passionate than the bond between a mother and a daughter, between sons and fathers, because it is often embarked upon by choice. While a mother knows a daughter instinctively through genetic traits, sisters know each other because they wanted each other to know.

Merriam-Webster defines sisterhood with two statements, “the state of being a sister, and the solidarity of women based on shared conditions, experiences and concerns.” Though these definitions are quite identifiable to the condition of sisterhood, still I believe them to be too superficial. The condition of sisterhood commands much more depth and analysis, or psychoanalysis would be more appropriate. Sisterhood is a secret language, a seemingly practical religion. It is the only religion that preaches edicts that are inevitable, indubitable and irrefutable.



Pattern Experiment Part 4
Pash'a Ellis

Untitled
Jaclyn Reynolds

When I am down you lift me up.
When I am in doubt you prove me wrong.
Wherever I am in life I know you're there.

When I am scared you give me light
When I have no hope you shoot threw the sky
And let me wish upon you.
You take the weight off my shoulders
And refill my heart with affection.

You are more than a sister-
I can turn to you for anything.
This year makes 13 years but I still
Know I can talk to you about anything
And you'll be there to listen to everything.

At first I was upset He took you from us
At such a young age but I have realized
He didn't take you away from me.
God just made sure you will always
Be with me no matter what.
~RIP Liza Lee Butler~

The Spider and the Guy

Dorothy Valle

I love it down here in the cellar.
No one ever comes down with
flyswatter or rolled up paper
to swat or squish me on the wall.

Feasting on flies, mosquitoes and
gnats
when the big guy is careless and
forgets
to close the door, I have even more
snared in my web, or crawling on
the floor.

No brooms or vacuums ever sweep
dust and dampness, mine to keep.
Oh, how comfortable I sleep.
Until the big guy came down one
day,

And he did take my home away.
Smelling of gasoline and oil
on his fancy red car, he did toil.
Opening windows – it got so cold!

I thought about biting him
then maybe he would leave, but
it's not like me to be so bold.
So away I slithered like a snake,
scurried over hose, shovel and rake.

Up through the ceiling I did crawl,
searching, looking for heat - into
the kitchen, I hung out on the wall.
Under the cabinets, above
the counter top out of sight.

Then in came a lady
with a soapy hot cloth.
Would she swat me or kill me
like some old pesky moth?

Uh oh, she sees me and passes
right by. OH my! I'm relieved.
But here comes that guy.
He looks in the frig
and goes in to sit down.

Then later that evening
after they'd dined,
the big guy got up.
Into the kitchen he came
for what I couldn't tell.

"Don't kill my spider, Joe."
I heard the lady yell.
"Waddaya mean, waddaya
wanna spider in the house
for anyway?" He asked.

He's a jerk.
"Because, they kill the bad bugs."
"What Bugs?" he asked in retort.
"Flies!" she snapped.

"There's no flies in winter."
He argued with his mother.
He just wouldn't give in.
"Just leave it." She replied.

How little do they know
that one day I did feast on
a fat roach that he brought
home from the beach.

Now what if that ugly
thing ever multiplied?
Oh, don't make fun of me
I was hungry, you see.

Anyway, I think I'm wanted here,
and here I think I shall stay.
I'll just have to remember to
stay out of the big guy's way.



Masten
Genevieve Fleckenstein

Love, Magic, and a Whole Lot of Singing

Alyssa Capriglione

There are many times in my life when I feel like singing. I sing on the walk to my car and I sing in between classes. I sing in the shower and I sing in the times when talking seems too stressful. Singing is so easy. It comes naturally. All you have to do is take some carefully thought out words and set them to a cleverly constructed set of musical chords, and there you go! MAGIC! It makes me tap my feet and swing my hips. It makes me do a little two-step and twirl in a circle. It makes me happy. I feel alive and I feel like going out and really living. All of the bad thoughts, that once inhabited the crowded corners of my subconscious mind, have been masked by rainbows and pink cupcakes. Life is good.

I take a walk and see people laughing. I see couples sitting on benches. They hold hands and for the first time I look at them and I don't feel like stabbing them with blunt instruments, instead, I feel like joining the crazy planet that they seem to populate. I feel like being in love. But love is not the easiest thing to find. In the past, I have encountered it rarely and it always proved to be overrated. The feelings of excitement and rapture quickly faded and were replaced with feelings of anxiety and deceit. Love had reared its ugly head and set its sights on me. Its laser vision was strong and it seemed it had set its mind on destruction. Unfortunately for me, I was its target. Love ate away at my emotions until I had nothing left but numbness. This is possibly the reason that until this day, the sight of people in love had always stirred my upchuck reflex. Today felt different, it was a new day. The couples I saw didn't make me want to throw up in my mouth; rather I wanted to learn from them. I wanted to know the secrets that they knew and I wanted to feel the emotions that they felt. I looked at love with new eyes and hoped that it would forgive me for running away from it for so long. Something strange was happening. I had fallen in love with love.

The next day I awoke to a feeling of revelation. What if the one thing that I had been running away from for my entire life turned out to be the one thing I should have been running towards? Would this mean that I was wrong? Oh, what a horrible thought! Me, wrong? NEVER. But still, this thought lingered in my mind.

Could it be that the couples I saw in the park, the same ones that I used to laugh at and say were oblivious to reality, were actually the people who had the right idea? Did they know that love could make you feel a high that was impossible to reach with any form of alcohol or hallucinogens? Did they know what the Beatles knew so many years ago, that all you need is love? I did not know how this thought could have gotten by me. How did I feel that I could go without it for the rest of my life? And was it too late? These questions started to haunt me. I began to wonder if I would ever meet the right person. I wondered if he was out there and I wondered if he was looking for me too.

I have stopped looking for love, instead I have realized that one day it will just appear and probably when I least expect it. I am still in love with love and I still feel the need to sing everyday because singing is magic. Magic is what awakens the soul and gives meaning to our lives. It is what takes us by surprise and makes us want to keep on living. Magic makes me see a couple on the street and instead of laughing and wanting to burn them with matches, it makes me smile and hope that one day I get to feel the joy that they know. Magic is what gives me faith that it will happen for me but until then, singing is what keeps me sane and keeps my feet on the ground. Singing is what makes me happy and makes me know that tomorrow will come bringing with it a glimpse of the love that I didn't have yesterday. My only hope for the future is that it will be one that is filled with love, magic, and a whole lot of singing.

East, where the hands of Pandora rest

Diana Wilkins '02

1. Pandora has left her box along the rough concrete of the East River. Ebbing into its wood, like the way a fortune cookie breaks in half. The river awaits her forthcoming, her opening of wounds.
2. Late at night, I walk the bed of the river. Internal. On the corner where Canal and Essex meet I get a glimpse of her box. There is sharp streak of lightning. The lock illuminates into the city sky. A fortune has been opened. A source of life is given.
3. All things dreaded have been exposed to my skin. There is enough time left to let go. She tells me not to read this fortune. Travel inside. Put the compass down. There is still hope inside.

Rough Juncture

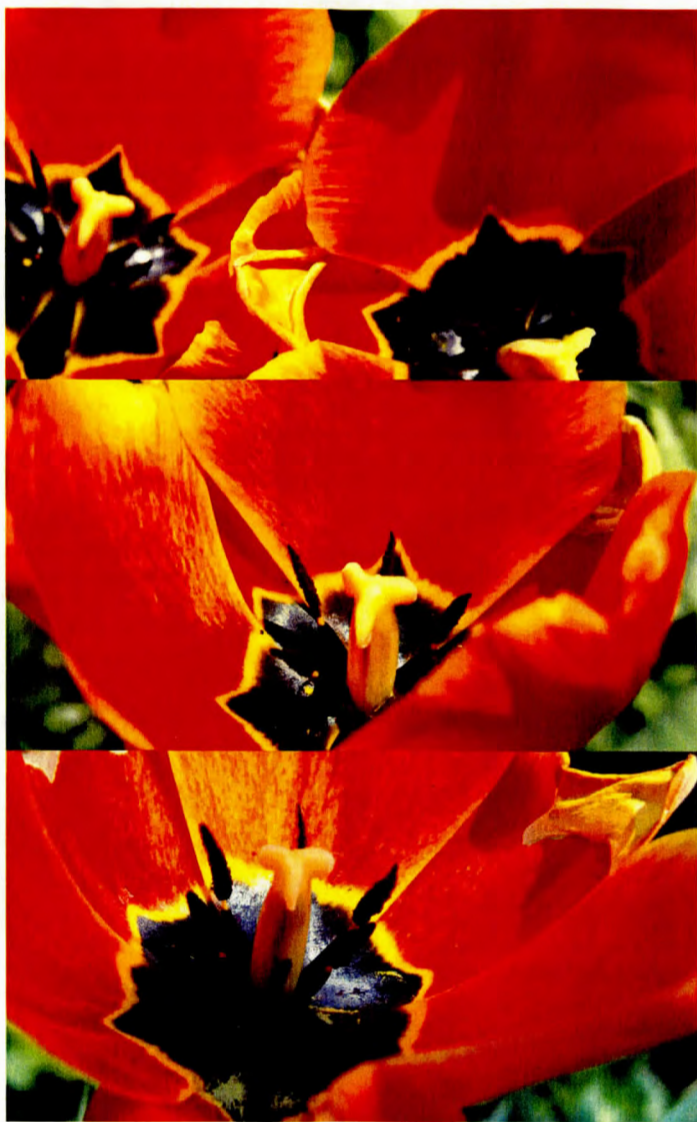
Diana Wilkins '02

The river has dried since last fall.
Colored leaves, like watercolors layered,
weave themselves in and out
of the dirt. In the distance

I can see what I have been searching for:
the broken glass of the compass. Needle
exposed to all of what nature has to offer.
She has taken over this shack

of fallen nature. There are things that couldn't be
told until now. Lift the rock up in front of you.
Take the dirt and sift it through your hands,
sedimentary and dark.

Let it breathe life back into you.



Flourish
Genevieve Fleckenstein

Direction: North, 2 Degrees Longitude, 20 Degrees Latitude
Diana Wilkins '02

Here there is cobblestone and overlapping concrete, red, dusty. Fresh underneath history, your body lies down with the earth. At the north sign, your compass finds me sitting on the park bench. By the waterfall we are ourselves again. Together. You share direction with me. Compass your eyes, point us to our journey. Point us in the right direction.

We end up in the eye of December. On the corner of MacDougal and West Houston we meet each other for the first time. All over again. You look at the snowflakes like a child looks at the first snow fall. Ask me about ice crystals. Café Figaro has closed its windows and has put its tables away for the winter. The frost develops on the concrete, it connects the story. We look for footprints to follow.

At the reading of 35 degrees N and 10 degrees S you feel that you have lost me for the first time. I will vanish from your side. You read into your wrists. They act as rivers when you need more guidance. Guides such as muscle will signify stopping points where you are able to re discover. There will be souvenirs along the way that will remind you of me. In buying them you will lose your memory. The change falls back into your pocket.

The weather changes with time. The sun feels your heart on the corner. The season turns. Seeds planted in between your forearm and elbow begin to sprout. Like the grass in between the cracks in the concrete, you start your own garden. On the outside layer of your skin you water yourself. This, the only way you can feel me still. I live underneath your veins. Every time a bud blossoms you know I have taken a breath; breathing you back into me.

The doorway to your apartment that does not exist yet is your first step. There are spaces you will never forget. Memory. You go back 2 degrees W to find me on the railroad bed, waiting for you with a book of poems. Bound and musty. You look different this time. I look older, less able to remember.

We will fall in love all over again. The night starts with the bridge at the corner of Brooklyn. Delancey Street is behind us, crumpled like old paper. New draft. The reminiscence of your hair along the backs of my thighs reminds me of midnight; your arms holding on. We fall in love. Over, one another. All over again. All over.

The needle on the compass sheds a layer like dead skin, falling. The map loses a piece of its direction. The fallen has fallen behind you. You must go back and find it to continue navigation. You will lose me if you do not go back, again, over again. The needle on your compass is a connector like veins supplying blood, supplying life into your wrists. You have shed a layer. Blood has been lost. Ink smudged. Direction turned to an off road.



Royal Palace of Spain
Jaclyn Reynolds

The Ribbon

Rachelle LeBlanc

Growing up I was not given a pacifier like most children; I was given a ribbon. This ribbon was unlike any of the others that filled the space I had for them in the top draw of my white dresser. This ribbon was special.

* * *

My aunt would give me a new strand of ribbon each time my mother took the hour drive to visit her. She had given me so many they filled an entire dresser drawer. I had every color you could think of, red ones, blue ones, green ones, black ones, and then...then she gave me a single foot long strand of peach ribbon.

Peach. What an awful color to use for fabric don't you think? My mother found the ribbon ugly, but I just would not part with it. It was special. Special to me of course, but special compared to the vast amounts of ribbon I also possessed. This ribbon, you see, was double sided; it had that silky satin texture on both sides. Not like a regular ribbon that only has one side silky smooth while the underside feels rough. I carried that piece of ribbon around wherever I went. Sometimes when my mother couldn't pry it away from me long enough to wash it, the ribbon hardly looked peach anymore. It would develop dirt spots that resembled a bruise and wet spots from the drool that would slip from my mouth when I sucked my thumb. I would wrap my ribbon around the index finger on my right hand. As I would suck on my right thumb I would rub the ribbon along the bottom of my nose. I could always be found with my thumb in my mouth and a ribbon around my finger. Perhaps that is the reason I needed braces when I was a teenager.

There was something about the feel of the satin I just adored. To this day I have an obsession with the way silk and satin feel against my bare skin. So soft and smooth feeling the way it glides so perfectly over ones skin without regard to imperfections. Back and forth under my nose I would slide the ribbon; back and forth as I sucked my thumb.

That ribbon followed me through my baby years, through preschool, and it continued with me straight through to kindergarten. Too embarrassed to pull out a ribbon during the school day around all of my friends, I would leave it folded safely in my backpack.

The moment the bell rang every day and the classrooms and hallways were emptied of five-year-old children, I would pull my ribbon out from its hiding spot in the front pocket and wrap it around the index finger of my right hand as I sat and waited for my mother to finish working. Even though I was now five years old and in kindergarten, I still could not give up my ribbon.

I don't remember the age I actually gave up that drawer of ribbons but I would guess it was around the age of six. I guess she was glad to see that hideous peach strand of satin material go. I wasn't. It meant I had to grow up now. Being without it meant I had nothing to make me feel better after each nervous new day of school, as I would sit alone waiting for my mother to come for me. I had nothing but I had to be a big girl now. After all I was almost in the first grade; I wasn't a baby anymore.

I don't suck my thumb any longer but I still carry around a piece of ribbon. I keep it close, a red ribbon and blue ribbon tied on to my key chain in case I need a quick comfort. When I get nervous giving a speech or waiting for results of some sort, I catch myself wrapping those red and blue satin ribbons around the index finger of my right hand. With my thumb I rub the satin material as I unwrap and rewrap my index finger with the ribbon until I feel relaxed. From time to time I will even catch myself rubbing a satin wrapped index finger under my nose. But that is only when I know no body is looking.

I find it funny the things we carry with us into adulthood from our childhood. Such things that we relied on still do just that. They calm us and stop the tears before anyone can see the redness in our eyes or the shake of our hands when we're standing in front of an audience. I never realized how much I need my ribbon and how it has stuck to my side all these years until now. It has followed me through high school and now through college. I do not suck my thumb but I still, just as much as my five-year-old self did then, need my ribbon wrapped around my finger.



The Sun Burns After the Rain
Jennifer Crowhurst Lakin

Love
Devin Le Noir

The sick feeling that sits in my stomach forever.

Not being able to outgrow, or move past the thought of pain I get from your pleasure.

To be confused, yet often used, to be in Love with you, that's all my heart can do.

I Love unconditionally, u Love accordingly, I Love forever, while you continue ignoring me.

I can't understand, or describe your actions, but the attempt to please you is far from what I'm lacking.

Love comes in three's, I call it the three p's. Persistence, pain, and pleasure because being persistent will ensure pleasure, but pain will rain down on your heart, no matter the weather.

I can never get it right, but I've yet give up, because happiness is inevitable, and with love comes luck.

Watch Me Burn (segment)

By Laura-Ann Vailonis

"Bread makes you fat?" I asked sitting in the living room next to Matthew on the couch. Matthew and I were watching *Scott Pilgrim Vs The World* for the sixth time this month. It has gotten to the point where we could actually say the lines before the line was even said. It had become a game between us.

"Bread makes you fat?" asked Scott Pilgrim from the television in response to something Ramona had said.

Matthew looked at me with a serious expression on his face. "You know, you could actually learn something from Ramona."

"What do you mean?" I asked. I knew that over the past two months since we had started dating, I had gained about five pounds. But I didn't think anyone had actually noticed. Or maybe it was just the fact that I was hoping that no one had noticed.

"You know what I mean; you quadrupled in size since we started dating. None of your pants fit the way they once did and you just look like a chunky monkey."

I laughed. I thought he was joking. No one has ever used the term 'chunky monkey' outside of referencing the ice cream.

"Are you calling me ice cream?" I asked laughing it off.

"No. You look nothing like you did when we first started dating."

My mother walked in holding a laundry basket full of clean clothes from the basement. "Is it as good as the first five times?" she said jokingly.

My mother was always trying to be cool with us and I loved her for it.

"It's wonderful," said Matthew. "And I love having your daughter around to watch it with. She truly is an amazing girl you have."

"Thank you Matthew. She is my little pride and joy." My mother said as she turned and went to her room to fold and sort the laundry.

My mother was a very nice woman and loved to be complemented by men, no matter the age or how they treated her. My mother was taught by her mother that all men were to be respected and to obey whatever they say. She was trained to be a devoted wife. I will take my partner's opinions into considerations but I will have final say in the matter of how we are to live together.

going to New Mexico. There is no way you will be able to change my mind.” I said as I crossed my arms on my chest.

“Ok, ok. But promise me you will not forget about your handsome boyfriend back home.”

“I could never forget about you,” I said with all of my heart. He was the magical puzzle piece to my senior year in CT. We will be together forever, I just know it. “Now go home! You have to go help your dad!” I said shoving him jokingly.

“Ok, see you tomorrow.” He said as he gave me a kiss goodbye and let himself out.

We didn’t talk at all then next day. I felt weird. I wanted to call but Matthew had told me to never call him unless it was an emergency. He said that his family calls people on different company plans all the time and he needs to save his minutes for them. I understand but I thought that even though we didn’t hang out, he would at least text me. That doesn’t use any minutes.

I brushed off the feelings of loneliness by the time school was out on Friday. It was time for my date with Matthew to go mini golfing and I was so excited.

“Hey, Matthew!” I said with an extremely happy expression as I ran and gave him a hug outside his car in the parking lot after the last class.

“Hey, Babe! Are you ready for mini golf?”

“Hell yeah! Are you ready to get your butt whooped?” I asked with a playful giggle.

“We’ll see about that one,” he said with a smirk.

Everything seemed to be fine after our first date. We spent hours together just talking and playing games. We would talk about Obama, human rights, and different places people were going off to college. But if I mentioned one name of the opposite sex, like Jack, this beast would come out from inside this beautiful man and accuse me of cheating. I was raised to respect and be loyal to my partner. Cheating is the farthest thing from my mind. Matthew had captured my heart in a short few weeks.



Faith is what will get us through the day
Jaclyn Reynolds

He

Rosa Rodia

He cries,
He lies.
He steals,
He deals.

He aches,
He breaks.

He wants but,
He doesn't get.

What can I do
To make this stop?

Dear Guardian of All That is Good,

Dear Guardian of All That is Good,

You left me this year. For the first time I did not feel your presence around me but the memory of you was all around me. It stopped me from doing destructive things to myself and my family. Without your memory, I don't know if I would have had the courage to live and live with all that I was dealt. You saved my life. I want to thank you. Without you, I have grown stronger. But with your memory, I have realized how strong you were but no one realized it, not even you. I wish I could talk to you face to face. Until then, I will just be satisfied with talking to your grave. I placed green carnations on your birthday. I know how you loved the color green. In memory of your 4th year gone, I have green hair. I thought you would appreciate it. I decided to walk on the wild side for you.

You were a really great friend that taught me a lot about life. You taught me that you can have fun and communication with a person without saying a word. I think about our study halls all the time. And the memory of your flowery planner warms my heart. I loved drawing those flowers and hearts and the thought is making me cry. Please continue to watch over me and I promise I will keep you alive in memory and fight to spread awareness of teen suicide. I wish I had known what was going on in your head. But I understand that you had to do what you thought was right but it wasn't the answer. Talking was the answer. I wish so hard that you had talked to me.

You are missed and please know you are my special angel. I love you, Geoff.

Your Secret Agent and Friend,

Laura-Ann Vailonis



Sea of Life
Zena Jamal

Untitled

Cora Marie Magdalene Santaguida '00

a bell tolls for the saddened
echoes throughout my neighborhood
a car full of flowers and a hearse
wait patiently with a police escort
church doors open
as somber men carry a gleaming casket into the cool air
mourners march to the sound of the bell behind the dead
i walk
the sadness chasing me down the street
as the bell tolls
from blocks away

Whim
Genevieve Fleckenstein

With a succinct gush of inhalation into exhalation, Eva's eyes opened wide. Open, alert and invincibly refreshed, she sprawled her arms up above her head and elongated her legs and torso. As she propped herself upright she took an immense gaze upon the thick, pale, hearty bundles of flowers surrounding her. There was an irresistible sense of stillness that suspended her. A stream was situated at the bottom of the flowered field.

Eva strolled down to the bottom of the slight hill and fixated across to the petite cherry blossom tree which was in full bloom. The fact that the entire pale green grounds were covered with petals was so magnificent and beautiful. Eva glanced down into the stream and was struck with alarm. She frantically splashed a full hand of brisk water across her face. Staring hard, back into the rippled stream until it calmed, she took a better look at the face she could not recognize.

Suddenly, Eva made her way back up the field. Her heartbeat increased rapidly. She began heaving, gasping for breath as she ran vigorously. She practically stumbled over her feet as they hit the ground. All that was in view were the pale petals of the cherry blossoms and flowered fields. The fluidity of the surroundings seemed to capture her thoughts as they raced. The sun beamed brightly, though it was not impeding Eva in the slightest.

Her anxiety-struck heaving began to slow. Her vigorously paced run transitioned into a light jog. She noticed a fairly large structure in the near distance. As she took a few light steps under the white canapé twined with blossoms and branches, which seemed to be closer than it had first appeared, the slate stone pavement drove a cool sensation through her body.

A tall oak wood door stood further behind the canapé. Eva brushed her hand over the natural frame and pushed with such force. She gently thrust the door open while the bright light seeped into the dim home. As she entered, the oversized door shut considerably.

Though the home was dim, to her amazement she saw the extravagant, open-ended arrangement of rooms filled with assortments of multicolored glassware. The colored glass was laid out on tables, chairs, the floor and counters, as well as the entire case of spiral stairs. All types of objects and pieces in vintage greens, ambers, and royal blues. From goblets to vases to dishes holding teacups to small figurines such as the miniature burgundy rooster that sat politely on the oversized chair next to the entrance; each piece arranged ever so precisely, and yet sprawled out covering nearly every inch of living space. Everything in the entire house, besides the glassware and the heavy black velvet, ceiling-to-floor drapes was white.

Eva just looked around in wonderment. With a sense of calm, she was very much inclined to open the drapes. Careful not to disturb any of the glassware, she eased her way over to the pull string as she ran the thick curtains apart from one another. With this swift yet slurred movement, the bright light streamed through the grand, arched windows so rapidly that every single piece of glassware reflected its color off into another direction. The scene was so astonishing. Eva had to turn her eyes to the outdoors in order to better adjust. She swept her gaze across the dynamic of this mansion and had difficulty recollecting what exactly had gotten her to this moment in time.

Just as Eva found herself tracing back her path, she heard a strong yet faint voice call from within the visibly dim lit entranceway which was at the far end of the dining room.

"You're here at last."



Exorbitant
Shiyon Mathew

Together We Walk Firmly In Our Fight...

Jasmine Reed

Together we walk firmly in our fight

Battling all demons that cause conflict.

Our voices are loud, though we are condemned

To speak our minds. We are considered mute.

The fight for freedom is both long and tough.

Which of the generations will see change?

It will be those who fight the hardest. Who

Stand up and fight the wrongs done against them.

The ridicule will mean nothing in time.

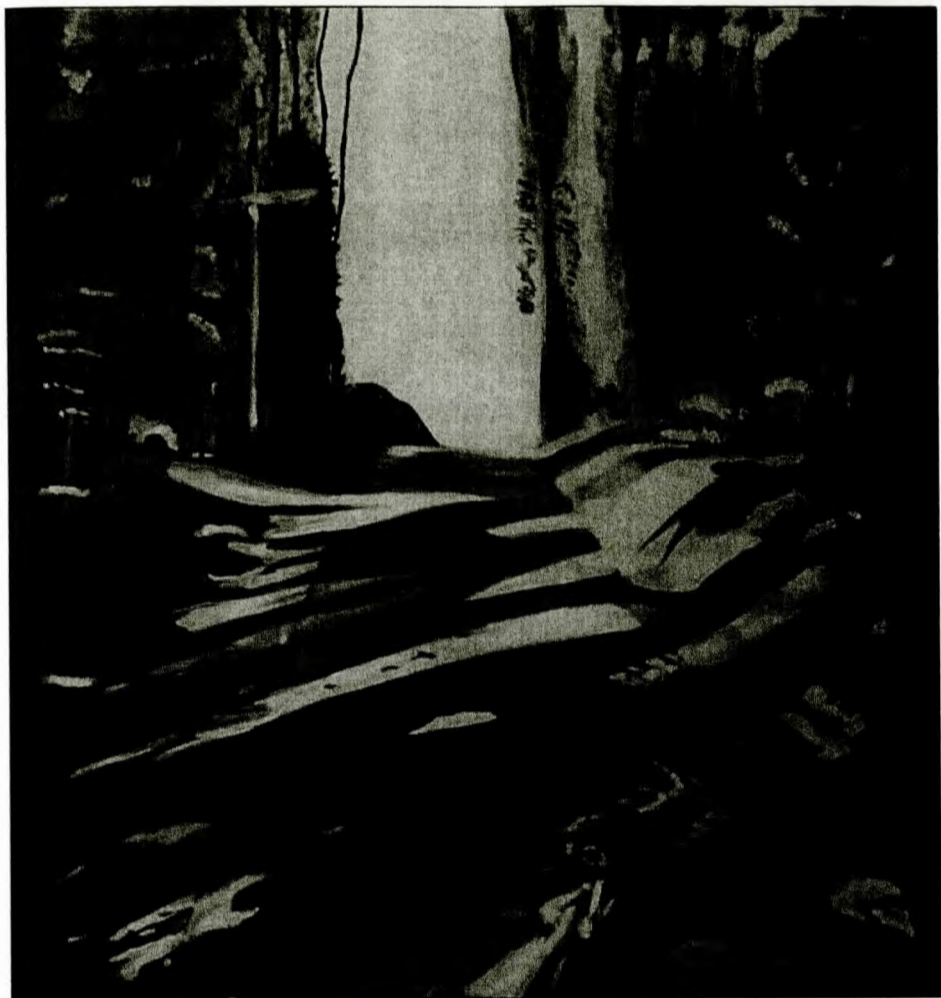
Enthusiasm will bring soldiers forth.

Freedom will come to those who fight for it.

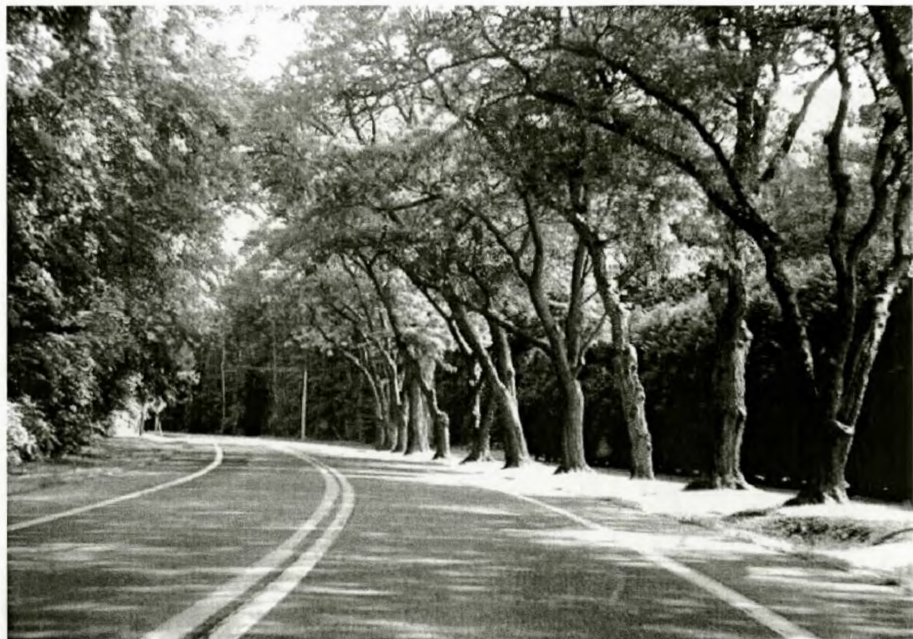
Strength comes to the army that accepts all.

Our hearts are open and our heads held high

Our army will pave the way. March forward!



Untitled
Cynthia Rodriguez



The road of Life is never-ending
Jaclyn Reynolds

Mother
Diana Wilkins '02

I asked her if she was flying.
Wings sewn into the insides
of her pockets. She guards them
with the swords of Perseus.

Makes sure the gorgon's head doesn't
Come back; my father denies
breaking the thread in her pockets.
Wings de-feathered for some time,

now. She holds on. Has double
stitched every piece into each other.
Just in case, she says, as she watches

The wind wisp around the magnolia
leaves, swishing on wet concrete.

